



\*NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.\*

NEW YORK  
W. A. POND & CO.  
547 Broadway.



To NELLIE.

# "NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

Words by MISS HATTIE A. FOX.

Music by ARTHUR D. WALBRIDGE.

*Moderato.*



"Now I lay me down to sleep," And the blue eyes, dark and deep,  
Tan - gl'd ring - lets, all smooth now, Looped back from the wax - en brow;

The vocal melody is written on a single staff in the treble clef, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves below the vocal line, providing harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Let their snow - y cur - tains down, Edged with frin - ges gold - en brown.  
 Lit - tle hands so dim - pl'd, white, Clasp'd to - geth - er cold to - night.

"All day long, the an - gels fair, I've been watching o - ver there; Heav'n's not far, 'tis  
 Where the mos - sy, dais - ied sod, Brought sweet mes - sa - ges from God, Two pale lips with

just in sight, Now they're call - ing me, good night; Kiss me, moth - er,  
 kiss - es press'd, There we left her to her rest, And the dew's of

do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep."  
 ev - 'ning weep, Where we laid her down to sleep.

*obligato.*

AIR

ALTO  
Pialetto Solo

TENOR

BASS

PIANO

"O - ver there, just o - ver there, I shall say my morn - ing pray'r;  
O - ver there, just o - ver there, List the an - gel's morn - ing pray'r;

Kiss me moth - er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep.  
Lisp - ings low thro' fan - cy creep, Now I lay me down to sleep.

Kiss me moth - er, do not weep, Now I lay me down to sleep.  
Lisp - ings low thro' fan - cy creep, Now I lay me down to sleep.

*rall*



# WM. A. POND & Co's

## Thematique Catalogue of Popular

### VOCAL COMPOSITIONS.

DREAMING OF THEE. J. R. THOMAS. 35c.

Dream-ing of thee. On - ly of thee. NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP. A. D. WALKINGOFF. 30c.

Now I lay me down to sleep, And the blue eyes dark and deep. ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH. W. H. LINGARD. 40c.

On the beach at Long Branch, One fine sun - mer's day. WALKING DOWN BROADWAY. W. H. LINGARD. 40c.

The sweetest thing in life, And no one dare say nay. UNDER THE SNOW THE GRASS IS HID. E. M. BOWMAN. 35c.

Un - der the snow the grass is hid. THERE'S BUT ONE SWEET SONG. V. GARNETT. 50c.

There's but one sweet song in the world for me. HAPPY AS A BIRD. JOHN BROUGHTON. 60c.

Happy as a bird am I, Car - ol - ing so mer - ri - ly. MY HEART IS OVER THE SEA. CLARENCE. 30c.

Oh, many a time I am at heart, And I haven't a word to say. OH, SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST. W. E. GRANTHAM. 30c.

Oh say, thou best and bright - est. NOTHING ELSE TO DO. J. R. HATTON. 50c.

'Twas a pleasant summer morning, Just the day he'd like t'en joy. THROUGH CENTRAL PARK. W. H. LINGARD. 40c.

Oh I'm a girl that's fond of life, My age is twenty - one. YE MIDNIGHT STARS. J. R. THOMAS. 50c.

Ye mid - night stars, my la - dy sleeps. WATCHING FOR PA. MRS. JOSEPH KNAPP. 50c.

Three little forms in the twilight gray, Scanning the shadows across the way. HAPPY THOUGHTS: Or, The New Home, sweet Home. J. R. HATTON. 50c.

Happy thou'stome o'er me stealing, Smiling fa - ces bloom a - round. PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE. HARRY CLIFTON. 30c.

I've traveled a bout a bit in my time, And of travelers I've seen a few. GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART. J. L. HATTON. 40c.

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking, The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf. BEAUTIFUL DREAMER. E. G. FOSTER. 35c.

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me, Starlight and dew drop are waiting for thee. COME TO ME, ANGEL OF SLEEP. J. R. FERRING. 50c.

Come to me, an angel of sleep, and bring. BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA. J. R. THOMAS. 35c.

Dead - u - ful life of the sea, Smile on the brow of the waters. WHEN THE PALE MOON AROSE. VIRGINIA GARNETT. 40c.

When the pale, pale moon arose last night, Its cold light fell on my silent floor.

YOU'LL NOT BE LONG AWAY. VIRGINIA GARNETT. 35c.

You'll not be long a - way, be sure, You'll not be long a - way. FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. CLARENCE. 40c.

The dew lay glit - tering o'er the grass, A mist lay o - ver the brook. WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEN. JAMES G. CLARK. 35c.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of care. WAKE FROM THY HAPPY DREAMS. J. R. THOMAS. 30c.

Wake from thy hap - py dream! Pure as the morn - ing beams. VOICES THAT ARE GONE. E. G. FOSTER. 35c.

When the twilight shades fall o'er me, And the evening star appears. VIOLETS UNDER THE SNOW. HENRY TUCKER. 35c.

The April winds play'd merry and gay, The April sun was burning bright. 'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER. J. R. THOMAS. 40c.

'Tis but a lit - tie faded flower, But oh! how fondly dear. THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING. HULLMAN. 40c.

Three fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the east, out in - to the east as the sunset goes. O! SWEET BE THY REPOSE. J. R. THOMAS. 35c.

The stars of midnight on the flow'rs, Now pour their sil - ver, sil - ver rain. SHYLIE BAWN. W. E. WASHINGTON. 30c.

Shy lio Bawn! my mountain maid! When roaming far away from thee. ONLY A WITHERED ROSE. J. R. THOMAS. 35c.

On - ly a wild - eyed rose it seems to thee. PAT MALLOY. DAN BENTLEY. 40c.

At sixteen years of age I was my mother's fair - hair'd boy. NIGHTINGALE'S TRILL. W. GARY. 40c.

Night - in - gale! Night in gale! trill thou thy lay. MABEL. G. GODFREY. 50c.

Down the dale, Where the stream Pans - es in its flowing..... LANGUAGE OF LOVE. GOUNOD. 40c.

With an el - o - quent pow'r, Thou gentle dove, Tell her how I adore her. KISSING ON THE SLY. J. G. MAIDER. 35c.

His manly whiskers swept her cheek, She uttered no re - ply. GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH. PATTISON. 35c.

Guide me, O thou great Je - hovah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land. MOTHER KISS ME IN MY DREAM. J. R. THOMAS. 40c.

Ly - ing on my dy - ing bed, Thro' the dark and sil - ent night. 'TIS EVENING BRINGS MY HEART TO THEE. HENRY TUCKER. 35c.

'Tis evening brings my heart to thee, When all is lovely, calm and still. I AM LONELY TO-NIGHT. G. W. H. GIFFIN. 35c.

I am lone - ly to - night, In my sad lit - tle cham - ber.